FELLOWSHIP

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TONIGHT

Yesterday it was Christ who forgave sinners.
Today it is the psychologist.
If tomorrow it is the people,
Will tonight also be
Two thousand years?

Margaret C. McCulloch

The Bomb That Fell on America

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

•

The Pacifist Bandwagon

By M. PALMER BRYANT

•

The Peaceful State

By WENDELL THOMAS

•

Letter From Poland

By JAMES K. McWHIRTER

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FROM MY STANDPOINT

John Haynes Holmes

Last month I wrote a column on what I called "the Perfect Pacifist." This inevitably suggests that I should write a similar column on "the Imperfect Pacifist." Here it is!

I

The Imperfect Pacifist is first of all the pacifist who takes his stand in peacetime and not in wartime. He is spiritual brother to the "fair-weather Christian" who flourishes when Christianity is popular, and not when it calls for sacrifice. We see this type of pacifist crawling out of his storm shelter now that the war against Germany and Japan is over, and telling us that it was all wrong and he will never have anything to do with war again. And he will maintain this attitude as long as peace prevails. But let another war break out, and he will find a reason for supporting it. This war, he will say, is different! It involves great questions of liberty, justice, and peace. As though war had not been camouflaged with these suppositious issues ever since the first cave-dweller threw a stone in anger against his neighbor.

The perfect pacifist knows that all wars are the same. They spring from the same unworthy passions of human flesh. They are involved in the same entangling conditions of economic, political, and social life. They emerge from the same contentions between tribes, nations, races, and religions. They release wild forces of violence and hate which can only maim and ultimately destroy, never serve and save, the higher issues of man's endeavor. War is *war*—a phenomenon fatal to all that makes man human and society civilized. The pacifist can have nothing to do with it.

II

A second type of Imperfect Pacifist is the anarchist—the man who is opposed to war because he is opposed to government. Nay, opposed to authority of any kind! He is a complete individualist who must do everything his own way and on his own initiative, and never in deference, much less in obedience, to his fellowmen. To surrender his utter freedom, even in service of that spirit of cooperation which alone makes society possible, is to him the unpardonable sin.

This anarchist appears suddenly as a pacifist in time of war, because it is in wartime that government takes on a very extensive and arbitrary authority. Conscription, for example, which is the power of freedom or slavery, life or death!—this yoke is laid upon us when the nation goes to war. And the anarchist, precisely like the pacifist, rebels against it, and thus takes on the guise of pacifism. But the anarchist rebels not because conscription is a method of making war, but primarily because it is a supreme exercise of governmental authority. It is conceivable that the pacifist might be in favor of conscription, under conditions of proper pay, etc., if it were instituted in the spirit and to the end of William James' "moral equivalent of war." It is *military* conscription that outrages the pacifist. But not under any circumstances would the anarchist tolerate the instrusion of government, within the bounds of his personality.

In saying this, I am not criticizing the anarchist—least of all condemning anarchism, which is an honest and consistent philosophy of life, much needed in these totalitarian days. I am simply pointing out that pacifism and anarchism are not synonymous. The pacifist who opposes war not for its own sake as a thing of utter horror, but as one expression of dangerous governmental authority, may be a highly useful citizen, but is an imperfect pacifist. The true pacifist aims his shaft at *war!* That war makes of government a leviathan that devours mankind is only one more argument against it.

III

A third type of Imperfect Pacifist is the pacifist who is surly, stubborn, hard, unforgiving, relentless in temperament and disposition. The man who shows no milk of human kindness in his breast! Who can't even get along with his comrades, but must sulk by himself.

It is my idea that pacifism must begin in our own hearts, and reveal its presence in our conduct here and now. Pacifism is "sweetness and light" in the immediate situation, and everlasting goodwill in personal relationships. It's all right to talk in a large and expansive way about "love for one another," and how this move must include even the most hateful and dangerous among mankind. But this love must have a proving-ground, and where can that be if not in our own lives from day to day? It is here that we must demonstrate whether we are pacifists—i.e., men full of the spirit of loving kindness—right here in our reaction upon the irritations, injustices and cruelties that so painfully beset us, and in our relations with the meanest, most selfish and hateful among our personal associates. I have seen pacifists who were extraordinarily compassionate in their judgments upon a wofld accursed of nazism, but as bitter as gall toward everything and everybody that touched their own immediate experience. This is all wrong! Unless we can love our enemies at home, it does no good to love our enemies abroad.

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IV

Such are some of the aspects of imperfect pacifism. Others might be added—as, for example, the pacifism which is founded on economic, political, or social grounds, to the exclusion of fundamental religious considerations. But I have discussed this in earlier articles!

What, now, does imperfect pacifism mean? That the pacifist is prone to weakness—a creature who characteristically falls short of his ideals? Yes—as all of us, alas, in all walks of life, fall short of our ideals. The imperfect pacifist is no unique offender. He is a human being, that's all, and thus inevitably partakes of the frailties of human nature. He is imperfect only as all men are imperfect; and is redeemed, as all men may be redeemed, not by his attainments but by his aspirations. So, in defining failure, there must be no condemnation of those who fail, or of the good cause which we strive to serve together. Remember Browning's "paradox," in his *Rabbi Ben Ezra,* that

"Life (shall) succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me: . . ."

FELLOWSHIP

THE JOURNAL OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

October 1946 Vol. XII—No. 9

Subheads

Peace

Thirteen months after the war's end, diplomats of the victorious nations are squabbling like ill-tempered children, haggling over terms of "peace" that actually are the preliminary jockeying for position and power and strategic alliances against the "next" war. . . . The international situation has deteriorated so badly that experts feel they are being reassuring when they say there will almost certainly be no war during the next year or so! . . . One of the most reliable privately circulated Washington newsletters, which does not permit direct quotation, advises its readers that the United States has embarked on a five-year program of mobilization for war, details of which will be released piecemeal. . . . President Truman has appointed an inner circle of confidential advisors, reputed to be his most trusted source of news and advice on international affairs. It is made up of ten high-ranking wartime army, navy, and air officers, whom he calls an "elder statesmen's organization for national defense." . . . And the State Department is sending a tutor to Japan to teach the Crown Prince "something about American thoughts and ideals, with emphasis on a world at peace"!

Atrocity Story

After a court-martial trial that dragged on for months, the officers and men of the Lichfield, England, American military prison, finally were convicted of using brutality in their handling of American soldier-prisoners who were unlucky enough to fall into their hands. As had been predicted, the enlisted men got prison sentences (later suspended) and the officers fines. The provost marshal, a major, was fined $200 and the commandant, a colonel, $500. They were reprimanded, too.

The "cruel and unusual" punishments with which the defendants were charged were described in the news dispatches as "striking prisoners with hands and fists, forcing them to stand with nose and toes against a wall for protracted periods, and forcing them to double-time for protracted periods." As described to COs by many men who had come to federal prisons from Lichfield—and also from Shepton Mallot (England), Casablanca, and other army stockades and prisons—punishments included beatings with rifle butts and billies to a state of bloody unconsciousness, standing against walls and double-timing for ten hours at a time (which is much longer than a "protracted period"), and other even less savory treatment. Their stories are bolstered by a cablegram from the trial prosecutor, who said he was being "shanghaied" out of Germany and that conditions were "far worse than anything we knew."

Monotonous

A reader recently cancelled his subscription to FELLOWSHIP because there is "too much about the atomic bomb" in the magazine. "It gets monotonous," he wrote. He—and anyone else who feels that way—is herewith urged to beg or buy the August 31 issue of the *New Yorker*, which was given over entirely to a magnificent piece of reporting by John Hersey under the simple title "Hiroshima." It is a moving story, sans moralizing, of the bomb's effects on six people of Hiroshima, and ought to penetrate even the most case-hardened insouciance.

A sentence in Mr. Hersey's document was reminiscent of Stephen Vincent Benet's poem of some years ago, in which "Someone" was described as having at last lost patience with man's inability to get along at peace with his fellows and withdrawn from humankind the privilege of procreation. The Hersey sentence read: "And, as if nature were protecting man against his own ingenuity, the reproductive processes were affected for a time; men became sterile, women had miscarriages, menstruation stopped."

Vocational Guidance

Today's lesson in vocations is addressed to the little girls in our audience, and has to do with the occupation of ship-launching, especially in wartime. This may seem to be a fairly simple skill calling merely for the ability to see a ship a yard from one's nose and hit it with a champagne bottle. Not so. To be really profitable, the position from which the bottle is swung is of great importance. For example, how wasteful to have been Mrs. Ernie Pyle, widow of a correspondent who was killed in action! *She* received for launching a ship a gift valued at only $25. On the other hand, to have been the wife of Admiral Leahy, the President's Chief of Staff, would have netted a diamond bracelet valued at $2,516.75, a tidy sum equal to the income tax of ten shipyard workers (each married and with one child) earning $50 a week each. Or Mrs. Byrnes, who went home from moistening the paint of the *Robert E. Peary* clutching in her hot little fist a

tray-and-album combination, whatever that is, valued at $1,820.12.

Or the wife of the chairman of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, who did so good a job of spattering expensive alcohol around that she was able to show her surprised husband a $150 diamond watch and a $2,200 diamond bracelet! Or the wives of (a) "many Maritime Commission officials," (b) the Chief of Naval Operations ($700), (c) the Secretary of War ($400), (d) the Chief of Army Service Forces ($1,000), (e) the Senate Majority leader ($600), (f) the president of U. S. Steel ($650).

And the nice thing about these gifts, of course, is that they have nothing whatever to do with contracts or profits. Nothing whatever!

Justice

The poor little Ford Motor Company, which wrung so many hearts with its pitiful wails when it was being pushed around by the big bad union last winter, has been granted another 6 per cent price increase on its cars by OPA, which it may add to previous increases of 22 per cent. These increases are entirely justified, of course, and are not to be confused with the inflationary 18 per cent raises the workers finally won.

Potpourri

The U. S. is claiming all the gold in Japan—$200,000,000 worth—to pay occupation costs. This will be lowered carefully into that hole at Fort Knox, where it will very effectively do nobody any good.

* * *

Among other signs of the times was a resolution introduced into the 79th Congress by Arkansas' Representative Trimble. It provided for setting up a government in the event an atomic bomb lands on Washington.

History shows that when a state goes to war against the people of another state, it becomes, by its use of violence, the enemy of its own people.

The Peaceful State

By WENDELL THOMAS*

SOBER REFLECTION on recent political history, including two world wars and preparation for a monstrous third, should convince us that no state can be peaceful and democratic unless it is based, as Jean Jacques Rousseau would have it based, on voluntary consent. "Since force is not the source of right," Rousseau declared "conventions remain as the basis of all lawful authority among men." Yet Rousseau and countless liberals after him have believed that political liberty involves defense of the "person and property of every associate" by "the whole force of the community," which actually means police violence in defense of economic privilege, and war in defense of a political organization of such privilege!

Here is the root of liberalism's helplessness in the face of large illiberal and violent movements. It does, and it does not, reject violence. While denying that violence should get the state started, it supports violence to keep the state running. Since the denial is merely abstract, while the support is concrete, the liberal actually fights on the side of violence and illiberality. Rousseau's liberal view of the state, while of peaceful intent, has suffered from incorporating ideas from its capitalistic and nationalistic environment. Two ways suggest themselves of making Rousseau's political theory fulfil its intent.

One way begins with the "common good." Men are fundamentally moral, Rousseau has said; they owe allegiance to the state only insofar as the common good is its aim. Historically the state arose along the lower Nile when a group of people having an extensive and permanent interest in common—namely, irrigation—organized a government to regulate and manage that interest. In this case an essentially non-violent government aimed at the common good. But when the chief of the state, for the sake of exploit and invidious honor, set out to conquer neighboring territories, his government neither used non-violent methods nor aimed at the common good. The people in the conquered land would be subject, of course, to the violent rule of their conqueror, whose new position then would react on his former compatriots *to subject them also to violent rule.*

This traditional outcome of government has endured through the ages and is with us today. Citizens in a so-called democratic state band together and elect one of their number to high national office. When "national honor" takes the state into war, this official becomes hostile not only to people of another state but also to his own fellow citizens if they oppose the policy of "his" government for he now represents a warring "power" instead of the fellow citizens, the human beings, who elected him.

From the beginning of history, with few exceptions, every political state in the world has been practically two

* Author, *On the Resolution of Science and Faith*, to be published this fall by Island Press; faculty member, Junior College of Connecticut; FOR member.

states: an organized people functioning peacefully to express the common good in matters of public concern; and a ruling class relying on violence to control its subject masses and to dominate, or at least to resist, other states. A non-violent method does not, of course, guarantee devotion to the common good, but history shows rather plainly that the common good (which transcends boundary lines) is never sought by a violent state. Hence if we say, with Rousseau, that men owe allegiance to their state only insofar as it aims at the common good, we may say in the same breath that no person owes allegiance to his state insofar as it depends upon violence.

The other way of fulfilling Rousseau's intent begins with the individual. The liberal has always felt that the individual is somehow greater than the mere human organism. Can we not "go the limit" and say that man as an individual is nothing less than eternal indivisible Nature, or God, expressed in the human form? This individual, moreover, is the common good, the active underlying good at which the state should aim. Hence the individual is eternally and morally prior to the state. Even the human organism, or man as such, is prior to the state historically, for the state is less than seven thousand years old, while man has been in existence for two hundred thousand, if not a million, years. Before the state came the tribe, preceded by clan and family. Late in developing, the state is mere superstructure covering only public affairs while biological, intellectual, and deep-rooted social matters are necessarily independent of government.

If man's nature as divine and human is thus prior to the state both morally and historically, no man can ever exchange the whole of his natural liberty—his divine and human freedom—for what he regards as political liberty. By natural right he retains, even in the most tyrannical and totalitarian state, his basic divinity and manhood, his intellectual heritage and horizon, his personal and intimate social ties. On this stable foundation a man can stand, as men have stood, and defy violence used by the state for ends that oppose the creative expression of our common self.

Liberals have been telling us, in supposed defiance of totalitarianism, that the state should, and the democratic state does, serve the individual. But history shows that no state using violence—which means almost no state at all—has served the individual regardless of class, race, or privilege. Accordingly, a genuine liberalism may have to conceive the state henceforth as a *non-violent* as well as a *voluntary* organization. Any institution, however imposing or legal, that incorporates violence should be judged as a really undemocratic usurpation of public authority.

May not a state even arm its police for internal defense against violent law-breakers? Again, history shows that internal violence—the use of violent as distinguished from non-violent force—is usually the result of class division entailed by the external violence with which one group has conquered and later exploited another. Violence of any kind goes hand in hand with injustice, hence the way to overcome violence is not to bring up more violence but to institute thoroughgoing justice, whatever the cost to custom or privilege. If we honor the state concept at all, let us honor only the concept of a voluntary and non-violent state, a state that wages no war and restricts its police to non-violent methods.

If governments are "at best a necessary evil, and at the worst an infectious source of corruption and tyranny," can we put our faith in world government?

The Pacifist Bandwagon

By M. PALMER BRYANT*

THE OTHER DAY, sometime in 1942, John Haynes Holmes wrote a prophetic book, which he called *Out of Darkness;* and in this book, as the title implies, he told us that our world was headed for great darkness, and then, very ably I think, proceeded to point the way out. He wrote of governments, the superstition of bigness, and of molecular moral forces. Governments, he said, "are at best a necessary evil, and at the worst an infectious source of corruption and tyranny . . ." He reminded us that "for all their talk of peace, there is no government and no ruler who can be counted upon to do anything else than perpetuate the tradition and maintain the means of war."

"The superstition of our time," he said, "is bigness. The idea that, if anything is really to be done, it must be on a large scale. . . . What is forgotten in all this is the spirit, which knows nothing of mere size. . . . It is true that the spirit may appear and do its work in the larger entities. . . . But," he warned, "the tendency is against it . . ."

Four years have passed since 1942; the atomic bomb has reared its ugly head—and lowered the beautiful heads of millions; the world has theoretically turned from War to Peace; and Emery Reves has given the pacifists a new Bible. Comes June of 1946, and Dr. Holmes writes of government again, and prophesies: "It is world government—or extinction."

So, the Pacifist Bandwagon is rolling. The slogan is *World Government—or Extinction!* and loudly playing the brass and cymbal will be found many of the few Men I Admire—men like Milton Mayer, E. Stanley Jones, John Nevin Sayre, Kirby Page, and George Hartman. But, though it means parting company with these Men I Ad-

* Editor *Peace Digest;* recently discharged from Glendora CPS; FOR member.

mire, and involves the risk of appearing to favor the idiot's delight of isolationism, I cannot persuade myself to climb up on the wagon.

For, when I think of placing my faith in government—be it state, federal, or world—I cannot help thinking also of Sandstone, Springfield, McNeil Island, and Minersville, where thousands of world-loving citizens languish at the hands of the Model Government; I cannot help thinking of the state of Talmadgia, where, a day or two following a democratic election, brown-skinned citizens —the color of the majority of the world's citizens—were cruelly lynched. I think of peace-loving British troops, a year after liberating the Jews from the tyranny of the Nazis, making mass arrests of other Jews in Tel Aviv; and of elected representatives of the people playing "guardian angel" to million-dollar munition combines while the sons of their constituency kill and die on foreign battlefields; of Presidents promising their people peace while they lead them into war. When I think of placing my faith in government, be it world or otherwise, my thoughts turn also to the "Allied policy of planned misery and calculated degradation of a whole people—the Nazis and the anti-Nazis, the guilty and the innocent," and to "the 306 members of the House of Representatives who approved, without debate, a bill empowering the President to draft strikers."

Or Are They Different Now?

Of course, the rulers of today may be different from those of '42 and before. Perhaps, unlike the rulers of '42 and before, they can be counted upon to do other than "perpetuate the tradition and maintain the means of war." It is true, for instance, that the rulers of today speak of removing "from the hearts of the common people in all lands the brooding fear of another war." They tell us, and rightly so, that "democracy cannot be imposed or taught at the point of a bayonet." But they — these selfsame rulers—also clamor for peacetime conscription; conduct Bikini experiments and maintain Tennessee stockpiles; believe in capitalism, or communism, or fascism, or imperialism—or all four. And they continue to play power politics, politics, and poker; and hold peace conferences to impose billion-dollar reparations on small, vanquished nations.

From the moment I noticed the rolling Pacifist Bandwagon, I have been haunted by this fundamental question: How, assuming World Government to be a desirable goal, is it most likely to be achieved? The answer, which haunts me even more, is offered, I think, by no less an authority than the author of *The Anatomy of Peace:* . . . "If you want to draw any conclusion from the past, I think the *probability* is that we are going to get a world-wide legal order—what we call world government—by force . . . there is a *possibility* of getting it by consent and union before the conflict . . . but the chances are very small." The chances, the chief apostle of World Government speculates, of getting the *possibility* are, at best, "very small." The probability of getting the possibility, I speculate, are, at best, uncomfortably remote.

Which brings me to two other questions: Does history not teach also that governments founded upon force must also be maintained by force? And since it is the "probability" that World Government will be achieved essentially by force, and thus by necessity maintained by force, can the idea logically be supported as the "statesmanship of pacifism"? I think not.

Thus, tired though I am, and as much as I would enjoy the company of the Men I Admire and the comfort and ease of riding on a fast-moving bandwagon, I choose to continue walking. I choose to walk humbly, along with the Saving Remnant of *Out of Darkness,* the "long, hard road, with many nights of chill, and black darkness." I choose instead to remain "behind" with those who still believe that the world's great need is bigger and better individual consciences, not bigger and better government. I choose to stay with those who believe that our primary task remains that of persuading more people to realize the reality—and to *act* upon their realization—that the science of war has reached the stage where war, besides being immoral, has also become the Great Absurdity, and of cultivating a more widespread rejection of the "double standards and widespread approval of the might-is-right principle . . ."

The Cruel, Intolerant State

The company of the Men I Admire would, I am sure, be most pleasant, but I cannot go along with them—not on this ride. I shall remain instead in the same camp with many other COs now emerging from CPS and prison: the ones who no longer "view the state as an imperfect but basically beneficent organism for the government of men, but have come from hard experience to consider it cruel, intolerant, indifferent to human values, interested solely in its own aggrandizement." Our experience, it is true, has been not with a world-state, but a nation-state. But, the wisdom of the Men I Admire to the contrary notwithstanding, I cannot help but believe that the former will be only a multiple of the evils of the latter.

So, with the resoluteness of a pacifist, I cling to the truths of *Out of Darkness.* Our civilization has defied the moral order of the universe, persistently and proudly, and the probability is that we will not genuinely repent and turn to righteous ways in time to avoid the plunge "into the black midnight of the Dark Ages." We must face it: the wages of sin is death, and we have sinned, persistently and proudly. No, I cannot get on the Bandwagon.

I would, however, like to join the True Revolution of Milton Mayer who, for reasons unknown to me, is one of the sponsors of the Campaign for World Government. He may keep his World Government, but I will be glad to serve in his True Revolution which believes "that as men are, so will the world be, and while our many countrymen are cheerfully trying to change the face of the world, we few revolutionaries will just as cheerfully stick to our task of trying to change the hearts of men." We—the members of the True Revolution and I (assuming I may be allowed to join)— "will hold fast to Jacques Maritain's reminder that the social revolution will be a moral revolution or it will not be at all."

The just world for which Mayer's revolutionaries fight "will not arrive a week from Thursday. It may, if we hurry it, arrive in time to save our children from war, and from the things worse than war which war produces," but "it may not arrive—this just world for which we fight—for a thousand years or a million."

Speed on, Pacifist Bandwagon—but do drive carefully.

Slowly the American people are learning what the atomic bomb did to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but still they do not realize what it has done to America.

The Bomb That Fell on America

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

The poem that follows is Part II of "The Bomb That Fell on America," published this year by Hermann Hagedorn. A moving, prophetic utterance, the poem first points out that "the bomb that fell on Hiroshima fell on America, too, shaking its people—not a few hundred thousand only, but one hundred and thirty-five million . . . set afloat on currents of chance which no man may navigate . . . ."*

This tremendous happening, declares the poet, has confronted America and the world with a choice—life or death. And in America's reaction to that choice—frightened and confident, greedy and generous, good and bad, he shows the confusion that sends civilization spinning and trembling toward destruction. This is the great problem: that one hundred and thirty-five million people must grow up overnight.

1

I WENT TO CALL ON THE LORD in His house on the high hill,
My head full of one hundred and thirty-five million, having to grow up overnight.
"If ever a people, Lord, needed a miracle!"
The Lord He looked at me as a mountain might look at a molecule.
"So you want a miracle," said the Lord. "My, my! You want a miracle.
I suppose you mean that you want me to come sliding down a sunbeam and make one hundred and thirty-five million self-willed egotists overnight into one hundred and thirty-five million cooperative angels.
Brother," said the Lord, in a voice that shook the windows, "that isn't the sort of universe you're living in.
And that isn't the sort of God I am."

The room was suddenly vast, with the stars set bright in the ceiling.
"There is only one miracle," said the Lord.
"All else is cause and effect. All else is law."
The thunder withdrew from the Voice, and the words came hushed and clear
Like the first stars in the twilight, each star a newborn glory.
"There is only one miracle, and it is already accomplished.
That miracle is the human soul."

The Lord He lifted His head and the Milky Way was His hair.
"The soul is like the atom," He said. "Wonderfully like the atom.
Consider the atom,
So minute, no lens you can make can enlarge it to a point where your eye can see it, yet there's a whole solar system inside it, whirling round a nucleus like the planets around the sun.
So feeble in its unreleased state, yet actually the greatest force, save one, in creation.
The greatest force in creation, save one."

The Lord strode through His house so the timbers whispered to each other,
"He's thinking of the soul tonight, of the soul of man,
And the power asleep in the soul.
He always shakes the house when He thinks of the power,
The power asleep, asleep in the soul of man."

"I have given you a soul," cried the Lord, "and you ask Me to come down and do a magician's trick!
The people who smashed the atom didn't beg Me to come with a thunderbolt and split the nucleus for them.
They knew that there is power in the atom and they set to work to release it.
They succeeded, and shook not only New Mexico, they shook the world.
All they had to do to get past the electrons, crack the nucleus, and release the power waiting to be used.

"There is power in the human soul," said the Lord,
"When you break through and set it free.
Like the power of the atom.
More powerful than the atom,
It can control the atom,
The only thing in the world that can.
I told you that the atom is the greatest force in the world, save one.
That one is the human soul.

"But," said the Lord—and the stars in the sky seemed to stand still and listen—
"The power must be released as the atom-breakers released the power of the atom.
They had to get past the electrons to get at the energy packed in the nucleus.
And I have to get past a deal of ego to release the power that is packed in the soul of man.
I keep shooting My rays toward the nucleus,

* *The Bomb That Fell on America*, in three parts. Paper, 57 pp. $1.25. Part II reprinted here by permission of Pacific Coast Printing Co., Santa Barbara, Calif.

And the charged field keeps fending them off.
But now and then one gets by,
The nucleus is split, the power is released, and things begin to happen on a scale that makes men gasp and talk about miracles.
But it isn't a miracle.
It's just the soul of man coming to its own.
Its just the soul of man freed at last to be itself."

2

THE Lord He looked at me and His eyes pierced like hot wires.
"Perhaps," He said, "there's something in you and numerous others that will have to be cracked open, if a hundred and thirty-five million people are going to grow up overnight.
Something in you," said the Lord, "something, perhaps, in *you*."

That *was* a joke, and I laughed. But the Lord wasn't laughing.
I hastened to reassure Him. "There's nothing the matter with *me*.
It's the other fellow that's the trouble, a hundred and thirty-five million of him."
"I know all about the hundred and thirty-five million," said the Lord, and I thought He seemed a little tired as he said it, "but I don't at the moment seem able to see anyone but you."
"Me, Lord?" I said. "How odd! I'm sure you must be mistaken.
There's nothing about me that need give you even a moment's uneasiness."

Silence rose out of the ground, straight, hard and thick as a wall,
Rose like a wall between us, between the Lord and me,
And my nose flat up against it, and the Lord on the other side.
"I'm one of your troopers," I said. "Lord, I've been fighting your battles
For years and years, a lifetime, in fact, you might say.
On the side of the angels, I put it, always on the side of the angels."

The wall was so cold it sweated and I began to sweat too.
"You know all about it, Lord. Please don't pretend that you don't.
I've run my business on the Golden Rule for thirty years,
Given talks on Christ in industry, written pamphlets on Christ in labor,
Been a vestryman in the church, a trustee of hospitals and boys' clubs,
Fought in a dozen good causes, been wounded and fought the day after.
Not an awful lot happened, but then You know how things are in the world.
The idealist is always slapped down. I don't have to tell *You* that."

The wall it got higher and higher and thicker and colder and wetter.
I had to shout to make sure that the Lord could hear me at all.
"You can't do this to me! I'm a pillar," I cried, "I'm a cornerstone!
I'm not a materialist, a scoffer, a cynic, a high-browed what-have-you.
I'm one of those Christians that hold the social structure together."

The Lord said not a word, but space, space began to speak.
Space spoke in icicles, icicles, pointed like knives,
Icicles dropping on me, till I froze and I burned and I bled.
"I'm a good man, Lord!" I called. "I don't get the idea."

I felt a Hand on my collar, a Hand that made me remember
The woodshed and the shingle, and the glint in a father's eye.
And a Voice, a Voice was saying, "Why, oh, why, am I Mercy,
When I want to be nothing but Justice, and expunge what I cannot inspire?
But I seem to be Mercy as well as Justice, and that," said the Lord, "is your luck."

"I still don't get it," I said. "I'm not one of those that have bucked you.
I've gone your way. I know I'm no dazzling seraph,
And my sword has no flaming edges, but I drew it always for You!"
"I am not interested," said the Lord, "in what you think you have done for Me,
Or the sword you have drawn for Me, in causes you chose and called Mine.
To Me you are a life, a life with a soul at the center,
And nothing you do has meaning but as fruit of that which you are."

The Lord bent over me as a mother bends over a baby.
"You are a child," said the Lord, "and my heart is sick with your childishness.
But you have a soul, and I've found that you just never can tell.
If I could get by your ego and somehow crack open your nucleus—
Something might happen. . . . And there is a world at stake.
You are nobody, and then again you are America.
You are nobody, and you are a hundred and thirty-five million people who have to grow up overnight."

3

THE Lord He lifted me up and the Lord He set me down.
In a desert He set me down, wilder and darker than any in New Mexico.
And there was a Cross in the desert, and a Man on the Cross.
And I was alone in the world, alone with a Man on a Cross,
Alone, except for the Lord, and the Lord a Voice in my heart,
A Voice and no more.

"Look at the Man," it said, "and look at yourself!
Sons of the same Father, but who would dream it?
The firefly and the sun are no more unlike than you two.
The firefly can't do anything about it. You can.
That's a part of the miracle of the soul I was telling you about, that the human creature can change, become different, grow out of the nature of the firefly, grow into the quality of the sun.
The worm and the moth, the cocoon and the butterfly, you—and what God wants you to be."

I stood in a desert, and there was a Cross in the desert and a Man on the Cross.
"Look at Him," said the Voice, "and look at yourself.
Look at Him, and be still, look at yourself and be honest.
How do you appear to yourself beside Him?"

I looked, and it seemed as though the earth dropped from under my feet, and I was hanging in space between currents that pressed me down and currents that pushed me up.
"What do you see?" said the Voice.
"I have never been crucified," I said.
"No," said the Voice, "you have never been crucified.
Do you know why?"
I felt suddenly ashamed. "I have never made people angry enough."

The Voice was still for a long time and when it spoke again it seemed to come from mountains, afar off.
"The world is sick," said the Voice, "for dearth of crucifixions.
Men give houses to those who hate them and country estates to those who spit on them.
They crucify only those who love them.
I tremble for a world that has no crucifixions."

I felt a chasm open, and stood on the edge and shrank back.
"Lord, let me go," I cried. "Let me go back to my world!"
"Not yet. Look again, look deep, and say what you see."
"I talked about love, but I myself never loved."
"What else?"
"I talked about Christ, but I worshipped only myself."
"What else?"
"I talked about truth, but I never dared look in her face."
"Oh, why, man, why," cried the Lord, and I knew that He too was in agony, "why, why did you not dare?"
"Truth, I knew, was a fire. Truth, I knew, was a whip.
Truth burned and Truth drove.
Truth demanded thought, and I was indolent.
Truth demanded courage, and I was timid."
"The Man on the Cross," said the Voice, "was not timid."
I sank at the foot of the Cross.
"Truth is not in me. I have fed on lies."

"What else?"
The Voice was Judgment, speaking from far away.
"What else?" said the Voice.
I leaped up, like a rabbit before the hounds.
Ten thousand miles I ran through desert wastes,
Ten thousand miles I heard the Voice at my ear . . .
Ten thousand miles, and knew that flight was vain,
And fell and heard the Voice,
Tender as birdsong at daybreak in the boughs of millenial sequoias,
Asking, "What else?"
I sank amid thorns, broken and torn and choked.
"I am unclean, I am unclean!"

Across the worlds I heard the Voice of the Lord.
And I leapt up once more, and ran, and fell, and always where I fell,
There was the Cross and there was the Voice asking, "What else? What else?"
Until at last,
Stripped naked and afire,
With all the self-will broken,
Shaking and sobbing, sobbing and shaking, I lay,
Alone in space, alone save for a Cross,
And a fire on the Cross, bright as three suns at midday.

I said, "This is the end.
I am dust, and the wind will scatter me.
This is the end.
Who shall look Truth in the face, and live?"
But the Voice said, "This is the beginning, this is daybreak.
Give me your life, and day shall be like a new world.
The unclean shall be clean, the cowardice, courage, the weakness, power.
Give me your life and I will make it a spade to dig the foundations of a new world, a crowbar to pry loose the rocks, a hoe to mix sand and cement, a trowel to bind stone and stone and make them a wall.
Man without God is a bubble in the sea, a single grain of sand on an infinite beach.
God without man is a mind without tongue or ears or eyes or fingers or feet.
God and man together, We are such a power as not all the atoms in Creation can match!"

I laid my hand there in the hand of God.

And the desert floor was singing:
"The rays of the Lord shot past the electrons!
The rays of the Lord split the nucleus!
The rays of the Lord released the power in the soul!
Shout, one hundred and thirty-five million who have to grow up overnight!"

Part III of "The Bomb That Fell on America" is a stirring statement of faith in the ability of God to release the power in the human soul, and a vision of the world that can be—"a new kind of revolution, born not of hate but of love!"

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the real man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness to the independence of solitude. —*Emerson.*

Letter from Poland

The writer was one of twenty-six CO attendants who returned recently from escorting 607 heifers shipped to Poland by UNRRA. The group of attendants included Brethren, Quaker, Mennonite, Methodist and Catholic men.

THE VISTULA RIVER, as we steamed up it toward Danzig (called Gdansk by the Polish), was lined with the wreckage of ships. It seemed as though everything had been destroyed; piles of rubble met our gaze at every point.

Polish workers unloaded our cattle at Nowyport. Ragged men, women, and children crowded down to the ship, and children followed us into the streets of the city to beg for food, clothing, and candy. I shall never forget their eyes. Children ten years old or less seemed like little old people. In their few short years they had experienced the loss of parents and home; they had witnessed cruelty and death, and were still experiencing hunger and cold.

We had three days to see some of the country. On the morning of the first day we boarded a small train for Danzig, about an hour's ride distant. It was a cold morning and the train had no glass panes in the windows—only boards, some of which had been removed to let in a little light. The seats were wooden benches, but no one complained.

The Danzig railroad station was nothing but a twisted steel frame. It is difficult for one who has not been in postwar Europe to visualize the destruction around Danzig. What was once a beautiful city is now a mass of crumbling brick walls. The city's population of 350,000 has been reduced to about 30,000, and bodies of thousands of former inhabitants lie buried under the debris. One can walk for five miles through the rubble and not see a living thing except, perhaps, a child pulling a cart of rags or an old man carrying a loaf of black bread under his arm.

In sections of the city where people are working and trying to eke out a kind of existence, everyone goes heavily armed; no one trusts anyone else. Human life seems to be the cheapest commodity in the city. One official told us that it is possible to have almost anyone killed for three cartons of cigarettes. The people have grown accustomed to violence, misery, and sudden death. Every night the sound of rifle fire can be heard—a terrifying reminder of the spirit of vengeance seething within the city.

On our second day in Poland, the Minister of Agriculture arranged to have a large army truck take us on a day's journey through the country region around Danzig. We visited battlefieds and farms, and were eyewitnesses of an overwhelming amount of human misery. One of our visits included a farm, the home of an elderly woman, one of thousands who have lost everything and everyone dear to them, because of the war. Battles had raged around her little house. Long lines of trenches zig-zagged across her fields. Blasted tanks were visible all over the landscape.

When the Polish official told our hostess we had come to bring a boatload of cattle for the people of their country, she cried like a child. With great pride she showed the Holstein heifer she had received from a previous shipment by UNRRA. Fearing that it might be stolen or killed, as had happened with her previous livestock, she had stabled this one in her living-room, where she and her invalid daughter slept. Polish officials had finally persuaded her to move the cow as far away as the adjoining room, but no farther! She is determined to keep it there permanently, for this one cow means the difference between life and death!

We were able to talk also with some German women who had been brought into Poland to help in the task of rebuilding. Many of them do heavy manual labor, for which they are paid twenty zlote per day. It takes twenty-eight zlote to buy a loaf of black bread. Living conditions are extremely severe. We saw one room where three entire families were housed. Even the most abject and despairing of these oppressed women showed a warm response when they realized our sympathetic attitude. It moved us to realize what might happen on a world-wide scale if the "victorious nations" were willing to follow literally Jesus' injunction, "If thine enemy hunger . . ."

Later that day we visited a place where there had been a fierce tank battle. There we saw about a hundred tanks of all kinds, jammed up together. Both live and spent ammunition lay around on the ground. Even now, it is necessary to be careful about picking up "souvenirs" in such a place. Peering into some of the tanks, we were sickened by the odor from parts of human bodies which were burned and blown to bits by exploding shells and bombs. Many of the tanks were manned by skeletons. Remembered headlines about the destruction of *tanks* took a new and terrible significance as we were made forcibly aware of the toll of *human life* involved in every battle.

In Danzig stands St. Peter's Cathedral, built eight hundred years ago. Today it is but a shell. The jagged walls resemble giant crags. Bombs have completely destroyed the former magnificence of the Gothic windows. In place of their blue-red-gold splendor, there are now only bits of stained glass dangling like Christmas tree tinsel. A shell, exploding in the chancel, struck the great cross, twisting its arms. It remains there—a poignant reminder of the antithesis between the way of sacrificial love and the way of war.

JAMES K. MCWHIRTER.

War

A race of men long used to serving War
Struggles within his anguished grip of death,
Faced with alternatives of suicide or change.
And, desperately, unused to swerving far,
Strives blindly for the needed strength and breath
To enter boldly into pathways new and strange.

BETTINA B. CARTER.

Big Flats Strikers Get 18 Months; 26 More Arrested at Glendora

Six work-strikers from Big Flats CPS, arrested last May after they had refused to end their protest against continued peacetime conscription and slave labor, were sentenced to 18 months imprisonment each in the Federal District Court at Jamestown, N. Y., August 24. The sentence followed refusal by the men to accept a proffered probation back to the Big Flats camp. The strikers' attorney, Francis Heisler, has announced the intention of the men to appeal the case, to the Supreme Court if necessary, on constitutional issues that were dismissed by the Jamestown court without consideration. The men were held in the county jail at Chautauqua while waiting for the circuit court to continue their bail, which was refused by the lower court.

Meanwhile, twenty-six more strikers at Glendora (Cal.) CPS camp have been arrested, which brings the total awaiting trial there to sixty-eight. This latest move apparently was to counter the imminent filing of a writ of habeas corpus by twenty-two of the men who were being held in camp beyond the schedule for demobilization. Eight of the newly arrested men had been working at the Los Angeles General Hospital to help in the polio emergency there.

Committee Asks Funds

Pointing out that the approaching trial for the sixty-eight Glendora men and the appeal of the Big Flats strikers would involve considerable additional expense, the Glendora Strikers Defense Committee sent out another urgent appeal for contributions. The committee's headquarters are located at 3302 S. Grand Avenue, Los Angeles 7, California.

Another newly organized group also has thrown its weight behind the strikers. The Committee to End Slave Labor in America, which plans to publicize instances of slave labor and raise funds to eliminate them, has chosen the continuation of CPS in peacetime as its first target. The Committee points out that CPS "strikes a blow against all rights of labor, undermines the democratic protection of minorities, and sanctions the punishment of conscience."

Canada Gives Amnesty; U. S.? — Uh-uh!

The Canadian government in mid-August granted what amounted to virtual general amnesty to 14,000 absentees and deserters from the armed forces, and 1,500 draft dodgers. The Canadian action follows the freeing of virtually all COs in England, amnesty for political prisoners and "thought offenders" in Japan, similar action for collaborationists in Russia, and many other relaxations of wartime controls over the world.

The United States, however, in the face of insistent demands by religious, educational and labor leaders and groups, remains obdurately silent on the subject of amnesty for American COs, of whom 1,600 remain in prison and 4,500 more are deprived of the right to vote and of other civil rights.

Ex-CPS Men Launch "World Newspaper"

Out of the many plans hatched in CPS for postwar magazines, newspapers, journals and newsletters, at least one—and perhaps the most ambitious—was nearing publication last month.

Titled simply *WORLD—An International Weekly,* the project represents the plans of its ex-assignee sponsors to launch a world newspaper, without geographic viewpoint and without a nationalist base. It will attempt to eliminate the whole concept of "foreign news," to demonstrate that reconversion, housing, inflation, civil liberties, minorities, food, etc., are not exclusively American concerns but world problems not to be understood on any lesser scale.

According to the prospectus, the paper will run 12 to 16 pages of tabloid size newsprint each week, and will include pictures, maps and charts. Staff will be made up of experienced newspapermen and correspondents, largely drawn from CPS, while the list of original subscribers includes such names as Senator Glen H. Taylor, John Haynes Holmes, Henry R. Luce, Norman Thomas, Arthur Morgan, Oswald Garrison Villard, Kermit Eby, Boris Shiskin and Felix Morley. The publication's offices are at 1236 11th Street, N.W., Washington 1, D. C.

Food for Japan

On September 10 the United States Government lifted its "iron curtain" from the Japanese islands of Hokkaido, Honshu, Kyushu and Shikoku slightly to permit: 1. Postcards carrying three-cent postage (no air mail) addressed to individuals. 2. A package a week containing food, medicine and clothing, restricted to eleven pounds by any one sender, to persons in Japan. 3. LARA (a number of official relief agencies in Asia) to ship food, clothing and medicine in Navy bottoms, consigned to "LARA, Yokohama, Japan." Goods distributed by LARA cannot be sent to specific individuals or groups.

Jottings

The Philadelphia FOR announces "Fellowship Forum," with lectures at the Penn U. Christian Association Building the first four Thursdays in October. Speakers will be John Haynes Holmes, Bayard Rustin, T. Z. Koo, Rhys Davies. No tickets—just freewill offering.

* * *

An FOR member types at the head of his letters the following pointed comment: "We pay any price for war, but we expect peace to come down like a dove and land on our shoulder for nothing. Is it worth so little to us?"

* * *

Muriel Lester sailed from England on August 12 for the start of her globe-girdling tour. Her plans call for a ten-weeks period in India with Gandhi and E. Stanley Jones, a similar period in China, followed by a visit of undetermined length to Japan, where Toyohiko Kagawa is anxious for her to come. She will arrive on the West Coast of this country not later than April 1, 1947, and cross the country lecturing, sailing for England in July. Arrangements for appearances in the United States are being made by John Nevin Sayre, co-chairman of the International FOR, at 2929 Broadway, New York.

* * *

Michio Kozaki, chairman of the Tokyo FOR, has been elected moderator of the general assembly of the Church of Christ in Japan.

* * *

A progressive school in the South has vacancies for a school home mother, a science teacher, and a 5-6th grade teacher. No formal requirements in terms of certificates, but only in ability. Inquiries will be forwarded.

* * *

The Phoenix Group is a new organization in pacifist circles in England, "to encourage pacifists to discover the positive implications of their faith, not simply in theory but in practice." Phoenix is not in competition with other pacifist groups, but seeks a synthesis of the personal behavior—social action wings of the movement. It would like to make contact with American pacifists thinking along the same lines; such persons may write to the group at 7 Northampton Park, London, N. I.

FELLOWSHIP

Now Takes Advertising

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Rates on Request

First National F.O.R. Conference Since 1941

Delegates Debate United Nations; Encourage Break With Draft Law

Preceded by a preparatory "retreat" of discussion leaders and staff members, the first national conference of the Fellowship of Reconciliation since 1941 drew more than 750 delegates to the First Methodist Church and Garrett Biblical Institute, in Evanston, Illinois, September 6 to 8. Although the bulk of the attendance came from the Chicago area and neighboring Midwestern states, there were representatives present also from both East and West Coasts and from most of the regions between. Especially noticeable was the large proportion of young people present, including a considerable number of ex-CPS and ex-prison COs.

Opened Friday Evening

While discussion leaders and staff members spent Thursday evening and most of Friday in preliminary discussions, the conference proper opened with a session Friday evening in the First Methodist Church, with Phillips P. Elliott, national chairman, presiding. Speakers were Milton Mayer, substituting for Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins, and A. J. Muste, national secretary of the FOR.

Milton Mayer, member of the faculty of the University of Chicago and widely read liberal columnist for *The Progressive*, asserting that "pacifism is not enough," repudiated the idea that the rejection of war in itself is sufficient, and called on pacifists to combat injustice wherever they find it. "The only true pacifist," he declared, "is a fighting pacifist; the only person who is against war is the person who is fighting against injustice wherever injustice is." As a convenient example of such injustice Prof. Mayer chose Jim Crow, urging pacifists to take an active part in getting rid of race discrimination in their own communities and in their churches.

Muste Urges Disarmament

A. J. Muste, speaking on the subject, "Pacifism Confronts the Atomic Age," called upon the nation to "renounce the sin of making war," which would involve unilateral disarmament and a willingness to "perish as a nation" if that should be necessary to break the circle of militarism and war. Expanding on his brief statement in the September issue of FELLOWSHIP, Mr. Muste emphasized that the United States, as the richest and most powerful nation on earth, is now the world's chief aggressor and the greatest threat to its own security. He warned that if America should continue its course toward world domination, perhaps by winning an atomic war, it would be the "most-hated" nation on earth.

Round Table Discussions

The Friday evening addresses, which drew a large attendance, were followed Saturday morning by two hours of round-table discussions, which were renewed for another hour and a half Saturday afternoon. The round-table talks were built around the theme: "How to prevent an atomic armaments race and war," with various groups giving special attention to ways in which pacifists can function in such groups as church, educational and social agencies, economic and labor fields, and political and civil liberties organizations.

The Saturday morning discussions were followed by the introduction of some of the members of the staff, when John Nevin Sayre, national co-secretary and international co-chairman, spoke of conditions in Europe and of the work of the International FOR; Alfred Hassler, editor of FELLOWSHIP, reported on plans for an expanded magazine and general literature program; George Houser, racial and industrial secretary, spoke of the work in that field; and Glenn Smiley, Southwest secretary, told about the FOR activities in that area.

A period for meetings of denomination, state, and interest groups late Saturday afternoon was followed by a "sacrificial supper," at which delegates ate a somewhat sparse meal, with the benefit going to the War Victims Fund.

Smith, Finlay Speak

Another large attendance Saturday evening heard Earl Smith, of Montivideo, Uruguay, who is treasurer of the FOR in South America, and James Finlay, of Toronto, chairman of the Canadian FOR.

Earl Smith, who is Superintendent of the Uruguay District of the Methodist Church, declared that Latin America offers great opportunities to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, although the pacifist message has not been widely expressed there. He cited the action of the first Latin American Evangelical Youth Congress, in Lima, in repudiating "every kind of war" in 1941, and the practical affirmation of that position at the second Congress in Havana in August, 1946.

James Finlay, minister of Carlton Street United Church, in Toronto, spoke on "Operation—Faith," underlining the gravity of the present crisis and urging pacifists to make a conscious effort to get their message into groups other than "church and camp and conference" by a "studied infiltration" into the "social structure of our local communities."

Debate Over United Nations

The most vigorous debate of the conference was aroused at the plenary session Sunday morning over a proposed resolution that the FOR give "critical support" to the United Nations as a "step" toward peaceful world order. The proposal evoked strong opposition from many delegates who declared that United Nations is no more than a camouflage for the continued exercise of power politics, and should be rejected totally by the Fellowship. After considerable discussion, the issue was tabled and agreement reached to launch an authoritative study of UN.

Also at this session the delegates approved a resolution that expressed complete opposition to peacetime military conscription in any form, and encouraged pacifists holding draft cards to return them to the President on October 16, anniversary of the first registration day, if they felt conscientiously led to do so. This resolution grew out of a move already under way by a number of conscientious objectors who are determined to sever all connection with Selective Service and conscription.

The conference concluded when delegates joined the congregation of the First Methodist Church in the regular worship service, at which the speaker was Hobart Amstutz, former principal of the Malayan Methodist Theological Seminary in Singapore.

PEACE ROLL CALL

Plan now to cooperate to the utmost in the 1946 Peace Roll Call. Urge your friends to give generously for the cause of peace through the FOR.

Just Off the Press!
SECOND PRINTING

There Is a Spirit

Kenneth Boulding's Nayler Sonnets

FOREWORD by GERALD HEARD

Just in time for Christmas gifts comes the second printing of this religious and literary masterpiece. Fine cloth binding. $1.00

Fellowship Publications
2929 Broadway, New York 25, N. Y.

Discusses Role of Pacifism in Atomic Age

CONFERENCE SIDELIGHTS

Special music was furnished by an improvised male quartet: Bayard Rustin, Glenn Smiley, George Houser, and Sheldon Rahn. Very good, too.

* * *

Lynn Rohrbough donated 1,000 songbooks for conference use and for sale, with proceeds going to the War Victims Fund.

* * *

Most harassed individual at the conference was Emerson Schwenk, Midwest secretary, who was in charge of arrangements. To have answered all the questions asked him, he would have had to be a cross between the Encyclopedia Britannica and the Chicago City Directory—and it would have helped to be quadruplets. He and his committee came through with flying colors, however.

* * *

Semantics got a workout Sunday morning, when the conference's attitude toward men who might send in their draft cards was successively described in the motion as "recommend," "invite," "encourage" and "inform." "Encourage" won out.

* * *

A. J. Muste got off some nice predicting during the sacrificial meal, which was held out in the open on the Garrett campus. Cocking an eye at an almost black sky and an ear at the breakers roaring in on Lake Michigan, A. J. opined that it looked like rain. Ten minutes later the stuff was coming down by the bucketful.

* * *

John Swomley, presiding over a plenary session, began to look a little distraught when he found himself with an amendment to an amendment to a substitute motion, and someone moved to table "it."

* * *

Bayard Rustin got some nice singing out of the crowd. He and his mandolin and Elizabethan songs fascinated some small audiences tucked into odd moments of the conference schedule, too.

* * *

The conference expressed approval of the "Five-to-Ten" Plan proposed by Marion Coddington, to enlist support for FOR in communities. There'll be more about this.

* * *

The St. Louis FOR announced a regional conference on October 31, with A. J. Muste, en route to the West Coast, as the principal speaker. Other details may be had from Walter Beard, 3031 Warne Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.

* * *

Members of the round-table group presided over by Professor Paul A. Schilpp, anxious to see the expanded FELLOWSHIP magazine become a reality soon, voted unanimously to raise the subscription price for themselves to double its present figure as a move to raise the necessary funds. The recommendation was that others should do likewise.

They Said at Evanston:

There were four reasons for our going to war in 1917: Prussianism, imperialism, treaty-breaking, and atrocities. Some thirty years and two wars later we find the United States fighting a last-ditch fight against peacetime conscription; we find the United States grabbing other people's islands and lands—for defense, of course, not imperialism!—; we find the United States totally indifferent to the Soviet Union's violation of its non-aggression treaty with Japan; we find the United States guilty of perpetrating the largest mass atrocity in human history. . . . There was no special merit in prophesying these eventualities. Any fool could have done so, and many did."

—MILTON MAYER.

* * *

(A Protestant missionary said) that he supposed it was all right to try to apply the Sermon on the Mount, but one should not succumb to the delusion that that would help bring about the kingdom of God: that would come in Christ's own good time, when Christ returns to reclaim the Kingdom. That kind of teaching will spoil a lot of good Christians if the FOR doesn't get in and teach the truth.

—EARL SMITH.

* * *

September, 1939, marked the culmination of what the people were consenting to from 1918 forward.

—JAMES FINLAY.

* * *

The United Nations is like a house with a pitch-black room in it. The people of the world are outside the house. Some fifty men are allowed to enter the house, and of these five go into the dark room, two of them heavily armed. The people outside think something good is happening in that room. There is nothing good going on in there!

—BAYARD RUSTIN.

* * *

A group of COs are acquiring a radio station for pacifist purposes in northern California. . . . Southern California pacifists are working on a moving-picture, with professional talent and direction, to carry the pacifist message into the commercial theatres of the country.

—GLENN SMILEY.

* * *

I am not a pacifist—except in wartime.

—MILTON MAYER.

Some nation has to see that *making war* is the sin, and rise to the spiritual height of renouncing that sin and disarming.

—A. J. MUSTE.

We can go much farther than we have in determining policy and program of local church groups, local school boards and councils, local labor unions, the slant of the local newspaper, of radio, and of theatre. . . . Without doing violence to democratic procedures, the mountain of public opinion can be moved by seeds of Christlike faith in action, wisely sown. . . . We must be done with leaving the formulation of the public mind to those who will to guide it to ends lower than the level of the mind of Christ.

—JAMES FINLAY.

The human omelette exists for the human egg, and not the other way around.

—MILTON MAYER.

Latin Americans are a thinking people. They have not, like us, lost the art of conversation. They will listen for an hour and a half to an address, spend another hour asking questions and discussing, and then talk about it for another hour over a cup of coffee.

—EARL SMITH.

We will have peace when we are ready to pay for it and not before. We will change the world when we change our own hearts, and not before. The good society is in us. The good society will begin right here or it won't begin at all.

—MILTON MAYER.

The Peacemaker's Bookshelf

Men at Work

Negro Labor, A National Problem. By Robert C. Weaver. Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1946. $3.00.

Writing out of his experience as specialist in Negro affairs with such government agencies as the Office of Production Management, the War Production Board, and the War Manpower Commission, Robert C. Weaver has covered practically all angles of the subject of Negro employment from 1940 to 1945. He had the facts, interesting facts. One wishes Mr. Weaver had presented all of them as skillfully as he did the fascinating section on the employment of Negroes as platform workers in the public transportation systems of several large cities. Yet the book is an important source for statistics about Negro labor in World War II and an interpretation of the facts.

Whereas the Negro was definitely on the sidelines of American industrial life in 1940, 1945 brought him real progress. He rose from being only 4.4 per cent of all the skilled workers to 7.3 per cent in 1944.

The many cases cited by Mr. Weaver prove conclusively that if industrial management takes a forthright position against race discrimination, the chances of difficulty either from white employees or the public are slight. The experience of Lockheed-Vega Aircraft Corp., Hudson Motor Co., Pontiac Motors, the transportation companies in Philadelphia, Chicago, and Los Angeles, and many similar cases, proves this.

For the facts about what happened to Negro labor during the war, this book can hardly be surpassed.

GEORGE M. HOUSER.

Others of Interest

Beyond Prejudice, by Toru Matsumoto. Friendship Press, 1946. 146 pp. Cloth, $1.00; paper, $.75.

The year 1942 will go down in history as the first time the United States uprooted a whole section of her people on the basis of racial ancestry only and swept them into "an ocean of confusion and exile." This book by a Christian minister tells how the church and the Japanese Americans "have tried to solve their great problem—together."

Handbook of Politics, by Lowell Mellett. Penguin Books, 1946. 138 pp. $.25. A guide for voters, giving factual information on the voting record of our lawmakers on most major issues, and state laws governing elections.

An Enemy of the People, by James Parkes. Penguin Books, 1946. 153 pp. $.25. On the premise that abnormal mental attitudes can best be cured by helping the patient to recognize the causes, a non-Jew discusses antisemitism.

Toward Mental Health, by George Thorman. Public Affairs Pamphlet, 1946. 32 pp. $.10.

What mental illness is, and how it should be treated—and how it *is* treated! A valuable booklet, especially interesting because it was prepared by the National Mental Health Foundation, the organization launched by COs who worked in mental hospitals.

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Pro and Con

A PAGE OF COMMENT BY READERS

Readers are invited to contribute to this page. Please keep letters brief, since space is severely limited.

Who Killed Cock Robin?

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

In "Origins of CPS—Another View," Henry Geiger and Gordon Clough blame the Historic Peace Churches for the ills of the CPS program, holding them particularly responsible for the failure of the Government to pay COs in CPS. The actual record of negotiations clearly shows that the final responsibility for the character of the CPS program, including the denial of pay, rested with the President and the Selective Service Administration.

The Historic Peace Churches had specifically proposed a program in which COs would have the choice of working for the Government and receiving pay from the Government. As a matter of fact, committee minutes show that these churches expected a substantial majority of the COs to choose Government service with pay, and only their own members and a few others to select service with the religious agencies. Mr. Geiger and Mr. Clough misrepresent the position of the American Friends Service Committee when they say that it refused to interest itself in the question of whether the men would be paid for their work. The Historic Peace Churches urged in their joint written proposal to Selective Service that the Government provide pay at soldiers' rates for all COs willing to serve in Government-directed projects. The churches did not feel in a position to offer pay to such men as elected to serve in projects under the direction of the churches.

Of Dr. Dykstra's friendly and liberal attitude in planning for the alternative service of COs there can be no doubt. Yet he had to secure Presidential approval for whatever program was to go into effect. The account of his discussion with the President given in the article mentioned suggests that only casual consideration was given to the whole program as proposed, and that no reference was made to the issue of pay. The President's attitude was sufficiently pronounced, however, so that Dr. Dykstra reported it as one of "instant and aggressive opposition" to the entire plan. Whatever the reason, Dr. Dykstra from this point on gave the Historic Peace Churches to understand that their plan for Government service with pay, and church-directed service without pay, would have to be dropped. They would have to accept or reject administrative responsibility for the total program, rather than for the small segment they had envisaged. At no point did either Dr. Dykstra or the other members of the Selective Service administration who participated in the discussions of a revised program indicate that they were prepared to propose to the President an all-Government camp program with pay, or that they considered such an alternative desirable. Their only alternative was an all-Government camp program *without* pay.

What might have been, had a different decision been made, no one can really know. We should recall, however, that the Historic Peace Churches were strongly pressed at the time by many church and pacifist sources, including the FOR and the War Resisters League, to undertake administration of alternative service projects for COs, on the grounds that a considerable number of COs could not conscientiously work for the Government. The churches felt, therefore, that in their decision they were responding to an earnest plea for many of those most immediately affected.

For the record also, the statement attributed to General Hershey in the quotation from the *Christian Century* is totally mistaken. At hearings before the Congressional Committees considering the Selective Service Act in 1940, representatives of the Friends and other religious groups repeatedly urged complete exemption of *all* COs regardless of religious background or belief.

PHILIP E. JACOB.

Government Control

The Editors,
FELLOWSHIP:

Because it involves the pacifist concerns of force and freedom, perhaps FELLOWSHIP will permit this word in regard to *The Interpreter's* protest of OPA mentioned in your July issue.

We can't speak for all decentralists, but out of regard for the personality of individuals, we believe that one's daily living pattern should allow as many free choices as possible. We therefore decry the increase of government control in economic affairs and work to eliminate them, and also the controls of monoply-capitalism on which exploitative government rests.

Actually, "government" or the State is a fiction. It does not exist. What exists is a man, or a few men, to whom "we, the people" have given the right of force—police and military force—in a society of men. Through the centuries, *political principles* (like "no taxation without representation") have developed; on them we expect government officials to act. At best, a majority can only check and guide its officials. It does not govern. "The People," too, is a fiction. You cannot get a Will of the Mass, even among a dozen people all of whom wish to go on a picnic.

When it comes to *economics,* i.e., the matter of earning our livings, government officials cannot act without force or tyranny. Economics deals with concrete material things, carloads of coal, harvests of grain, manufacture of automobiles, yards in a woman's dress. Trying to control these things for a multitude of people gets mixed up in an infinity of immediately unpredictable crises, and affects the minute details of each person's intimate living: his eating, drinking, working, playing, and personal habits.

Therefore, economic forces and choices must be subject to free production and free demand, when the underlying conditions of freedom of access to natural resources is complied with. Centralized economic control over the "masses" must inevitably rest on force and must issue in compulsion. *The Interpreter* therefore protests government price-fixing and regulation of *commodities,* as a primary transgression of human freedom. It is different with land.

Land is the one non-manmade factor in production. To land, inevitably, accrues a value not produced by the owner or user of land, but by community and social action around it, or land rent. This socially produced site-rent, *The Interpreter* insists —as anyone who reads its pages regularly knows—belongs to the community and not to the landowner. Land-rent is therefore, logically and justly, subject to control by the government—but preferably by decentralized, face-to-face communities of people. In fact, it is the one element which is rightfully community property.

The Interpreter emphasizes that this rent of land is, by nature, different from commodities. To lump them as one and to subject them both to government action and control confuses the issue and confounds both economics and politics. But it is more than "control" of rent that is necessary. It is the full use of all land rent by the community in lieu of taxes on labor products, which is necessary. Largely, on the clearing of this issue between land and commodities hangs human freedom.

Allied to it is the money problem. Arriving at an accurate concept of the nature of money and the proper implementation of this concept is a second essential to the economic and political freedom of individual human beings. Both these issues of land and money are frequently treated in *The Interpreter.*

Here we would like only to correct FELLOWSHIP economics to the effect that it is not a shortage of goods that is a hindrance to a free market, nor is price control the bulwark against inflation. Inflation is inevitable because of the Administration's mistaken fiscal policy, and the unbridled flood of currency resting on the national debt.

MILDRED JENSEN LOOMIS,
Editor, *The Interpreter.*

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